The True Northerner.

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WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die!" says the Widder Green,
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me,
Nobody can't let nobody be;
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
And that is the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
Swearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks
I'm really afraid I'll be hung myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never a lunatic was any way.
But since all crazy folks go free
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hand up me!
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
And say, 'How be you?' or borry a pan
But what the paper'll have it in
'We're pleased to say that Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene.'
Or: 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if this was the judgment day
An' as fur meetin'—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there!
Why, even Old Hundred a spoiled and done
Like every thing else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow,
Praise to the Lord from men below—
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle! there and here.
No respect to the Lord above
No more'n ef He was hand and glove
With all the creturs he ever made
An' all the jigs that was ever played.
Preachin', too—but here I'm dumb;
But I'll tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment an' justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love and sickish sweet
That makes this world or t'other complete,
But, law! I'm told! I'd better be dead
When the world's a-turnin over my head;
Sperits talkin' like ternal fools,
Bible kicked out o' deestrict schools,
Crazy creetures a-murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under ground.
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

AN AMERICAN SINGER.

Her Struggles and Triumphs—The Life and Adventures of Emma Abbott.

In 1854, a poor music teacher, with a sad face, sat in the Peoria, Ill., depot consoling a sick wife and a group of restless children. The father, hoping to better his condition, had left the busy city of Chicago and brought his little flock of helpless children with him. Among the children was a little, bright four-year old girl. They called her Emma. The little thing, surrounded by poverty, sang and hummed and prattled, for, like her father, she was fond of music. The poor music teacher moved into a little wooden house on the hill, and, after a while, Providence put enough pupils in his way to keep poverty from his door. At night Mr. Abbott came home tired and discouraged, but the warblings and happy chatter of little Emma cheered him up. From her earliest infancy the little child had taken intense delight in music. A song or an organ in the street would draw the little thing hungry from the table. A touch on a guitar would set her in ecstasy. At the age of six little Emma had dreams of singing in public. At six she was constantly singing about the house, catching every tune she heard her father play, and at nine, to the surprise of everybody, she began to play the guitar herself. She became so proficient with the guitar, and created so much talk among the neighbors, that her father thought he would better his circumstances by bringing her out with her little brother George in a concert in Peoria. The night came. The little thing, not much taller than her guitar, amazed and delighted the audience. Her debut was so successful that her father resolved to take her on a concert tour. This he did, and the child singer appeared hundreds of times before delighted country audiences before she was thirteen years old. At the age of thirteen little Emma was invited to visit some school friends at Mount Pulaski, not a great way from Peoria. While there, knowing the poverty of her father and wishing to surprise him with money earned entirely by herself, she resolved to get up a concert "on her own hook." She went to the Pulaski printing office in short dresses, got trusted for her own handbills, and then went and posted them around town herself. On one of these handbills now before me is printed:

Miss Abbott will sing "The Merry Swiss Girl," a chorus!

The little girl didn't know what a chorus meant, but it looked nice, and so she had it put on the bill. She drew quite a house; took $10, and took $7 home to her mother. Her father now becoming sick and discouraged, little Emma went down to Lincoln, sang in a school house, and then came home to give guitar lessons at twenty cents per lesson to pay her own tuition in a select school. At fifteen little Emma secured a class of twenty poor children, who came to recite at her mother's house. On Sundays she sang in the Hebrew synagogue—a kind old rabbi, Marx Moses, teaching her to pronounce in Hebrew and German.

The spring of her sixteenth birthday found Emma's father poorer than ever before, and the little woman, to help her mother, tried to secure a clerkship in a store, but failed. She saw her father sick and discouraged, her mother sick, and brothers and sisters hungry. In the midst of her great distress she heard of a school nine miles from Peoria which needed a teacher. Thither she went on foot through the mud and slush. She found the principal trustee, a kind old man, at dinner.

"What do you want, my little woman?" asked the old farmer, as he laid down his knife and fork to survey our little heroine.

"I live in Peoria, sir, and I've walked——"

"What! walked, child? w-a-l-k-e-d!" interrupted the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; and I want to teach your school."

"Well, I declare! But, my child, there are fifteen applications in ahead of yours."

"But I don't think that any of them need it as bad as I do," said Emma.

"No, and you are the smartest-lookin' one in the whole lot, and as plucky as Julius Cæsar. Have you got your certificate?"

"No, sir," faltered Emma.

"Well, my girl, if you've walked nine miles through this mud and slush you'll do to teach school for me. Sit up and have some dinner!"

Emma began the school the next week, won the respect of the parents and the love of the children, and in four months took $40 back to her mother in Peoria.

After school closed, Emma, assisted by her father, gave her first large concert in Peoria. Quite a number of amateurs assisted her, Rouse hall was filled, the people cheered, and her poor father and mother received $100. This was all used by her father and mother, except $3. With this amount in her hand, she left her father sick at home and started for Rock Island, to visit a young lady friend who thought she might get up a concert in Rock Island. She found her young lady friend absent and her money dwindled to twenty cents.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself, almost disheartened. Then a new thought seized her. She remembered her father had once taught music in a family of the name of Deer, who lived over the Mississippi river in Moline. "Mr. Deer will surely help me," she said, "and I will get up a concert there."

Ten cents took Emma to Moline, but Mr. Deer was absent. Mrs. Deer, a crotchety-faced old woman, was very cross. She looked insinuatingly at Emma, and said:

"I don't know what a pretty young woman like you wants of my husband. I guess he hain't got no time to fool away getting up concerts."

Just then Miss Abbott spied the piano, and asked if she might play something. In a moment she was warbling a sweet song. The old woman listened, then dropped her dishes, wiped her hands on her apron, and came and looked over her glasses in astonishment. Just then Mr. Deer entered.

"By Jove, Matilda, that's nice singin'," he exclaimed. "Who's doin' it?"

"My name is Emma—Emma Abbott, sir. Father used to teach——"

"Thunder, yes! I remember Mr. Abbott; but what are you doin' here? What——"

"Well, pa and ma are very poor now, and I've come here to see if you'd help me get up a concert."

"Help you? Why, of course I will. You shall have our church. You're a brave girl, and we'll get you up a big house."

And she did have it. She got her bills printed, went around personally and announced the concert in the schools, and the house was crowded.

The next night Miss Abbott sang again, and at the end of a week she returned to Peoria with $60 in cash. When she showed her money, her astonished mother held up her hands, and, with joy and sadness in strange combination, exclaimed:

"Oh, Emma, I hope you haven't been robbing somebody?"

Little Emma was now past sixteen years old. She saw her father and mother getting poorer every day. She knew she had talents, but she had no one to bring them out. Her father was too feeble to help her. So she started on a concert tour through Illinois—all alone, accompanied by her faithful guitar. Arriving in a town she would announce her concert in the schools, sometimes with poor success, sometimes successfully; but she was always hopeful. She always sent home all the money she did not need to use. At Joliet a Chicago opera troupe came up behind her, saw her bills and heard such praises from the people that they engaged her to sing with them for seventy-five nights through Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, where the troupe broke up and left her out of money.

The next town was Grand Haven. Out of money and 200 miles from home, she determined to give one more concert alone and raise money enough to take her home. Poor, friendless and discouraged, it was to be her last effort. The audience came late, and among them was a kind-hearted railroad man, who listened with enthusiasm.

"My child, you have the voice of an angel!" he said. "You must go to New York."

"But I have no money."

"Well, I will give you a pass to Detroit. From there you can sing through Canada to the Falls, and some way get to New York. Trust in Providence, and go and see Parepa. She is in New York. She'll help you."

With thanks for the advice, and sanguine with hope, little Emma landed the next day in Detroit, and then crossed over to Canada. Contrary to her sanguine expectations, she found Canada a poor place for her. She stopped at several towns, but hard luck stared at her everywhere. Many times she walked, hungry, from place to place, and once, to raise money, she cut off her hair and sold it. Music was her love, and she forgot every discomfort in the midst of her beautiful songs.

Once she froze her feet and sang while they ached with the intense pain which follows. The applause of the audience overcame hunger, sorrow and even the pains of frozen feet. Her one intense desire was to get to New York and see Parepa. On she was wafted toward the big city. At Lyons, in Wayne county, her money gave out, and she stopped to sing in a school house. All day long she went without food. She actually sang when faint and hungry. With the proceeds she bought a good supper, and continued on her way to New York.

After two weeks of singing and hoping and struggling, Miss Abbott finally arrived in New York, alone and in the night, putting up at the Washington house. The next night she paid her last money for a ticket to the opera; but, to her great disappointment, Parepa did not sing. She finally heard Parepa at Steinway hall, but never succeeded in meeting her face to face.

Failing to interest any one in her voice in New York, and solicitous for the welfare of her father and mother, Miss Abbott resolved to return to the West. What could she do? She was out of money, with no friend, except her sweet, bird-like voice. Many a time this voice had been her salvation before. It had opened stony hearts. So, borrowing $15 from a lady in the hotel, our little wanderer started for the West. Her money took her to Monroe, Mich., where she hazarded everything in advertising three concerts. The nights were stormy, and she lost all her money. She could not pay her hotel bill, and the unfeeling landlord held on to her guitar. With tears in her eyes she left it, and went on to the next town, where she sang in an ice cream saloon, making money enough to go back and redeem her guitar. This was one of the most dismal episodes in Miss Abbott's life. So discouraged was she that when a theatrical troupe came along she was glad to join it for seventy nights, to sing in Iowa, Kansas, and even out among the Nebraska Indians, sending the proceeds to her mother.

Ambitious of success she now tried, with poor luck, three concerts alone in Milwaukee and Chicago. The people had never heard of her wonderful voice, and they would not come out to hear one young lady sing.

Her ill success in Chicago and Milwaukee induced her to try the provincial towns again, so little Emma started for Plymouth, Ind., where she advertised to sing in the parlors of the United States hotel. The audience was small, and she had to pawn her guitar for $2.50 to pay her hotel bill. She also pawned her concert dress, the only nice dress she had, to get money enough to go to Fort Wayne, Ind., a few miles beyond, where she advertised for another concert. The concert was in the parlor of the Evelin House, and having no guitar, she engaged the clerk in the music store to play her accompaniments. The few who came were delighted, and her receipts were $18. With this she went back to Plymouth, redeemed her guitar and dress, and sent $5 to her mother.

With bad luck all around her, and the future almost hopeless, Miss Abbott now almost gave up in despair. Then the thought that her poor mother and sisters depended upon her impelled her to make one more effort.

"I will go to Toledo," she said, "and make one more effort and trust in Providence for the rest."

Arriving at Toledo, she advertised to sing in the parlor of the Oliver house. Fate was against her. The small audience, though enthusiastic, did not pay expenses, but the chivalrous landlord refused to take her guitar.

"No, sir!" said he, forgetting that he was addressing a young lady, "George Brown ain't going to take no young lady's guitar—and mor'n that, you can stay and try it again!"

Things now looked dismal enough. Her splendid courage began to give out. Behind her she saw nothing but a three years' struggle with poverty. The future looked as black as midnight. The kindness of George Brown brought tears to her eyes, but after it came the dreadful thought of—suicide. The idea of failure in the scheme of her life was dreadful. That day little Emma went with a bursting heart and looked off the great Toledo pier, and the thought of jumping off struggled in her bosom. Sadly she turned away. Howe was gone, but she thought of her mother, and love for her still buoyed her up.

Returning to the Oliver house, she caught a glimpse of Clara Louise Kellogg, then in the zenith of her fame, but in a moment she was gone. She disappeared, with a piece of music, in the Oliver house. Following after, little Emma encountered Miss Kellogg's maid.

"Oh, I do want to see Miss Kellogg so much!" she exclaimed to Petrilla. "Oh, can't I see her?"

"She's just gone in to dinner with her mother, but she will be out in a moment," answered Miss Kellogg's maid.

In a few minutes Miss Kellogg came out with her mother.

"I'm Miss Abbott," said little Emma, half frightened, "and I do wish to see you so much!"

"Never mind, come in. What can I do for you!" asked the kind-hearted Miss Kellogg.

"I want you to try my voice. I do think I can sing, and if you only say so I shall be sure," said little Emma, looking up pleadingly with her clear blue eyes

"Why, certainly, my child," said Miss Kellogg's mother, who got up and opened the piano, but seeing little Emma's shabby dress and wild, sad look, she held up her hands and exclaimed: "Why, Louise, where has this poor child been wandering?"

In a moment Miss Abbott was singing one of her beautiful ballads, full of native sweetness and pathos. As her magical voice touched those high, clear notes which have since astonished the kings and princes of Europe, Miss Kellogg's mother sat in mute wonder. The ears of the good mother of the great singer seemed to feast on the clear, sweet strains; then she burst out enthusiastically:

"Louise! Louise? Do you hear that voice—how clear—no break there! That's the voice for me!"

That night Mis Kellogg kindly gave Miss Abbott a letter to Errani, a singing teacher in New York, and money enough to pursue her studies for for two years.

With tears in her eyes, little Emma thanked her benefactor—the singing angel sent by the Lord to lead her out of captivity. Then she came to New York.

A home at Dr. Elder's, two years with Errani, and an engagement to sing in Dr. Chapin's Fifth Avenue church at $1,500 a year quickly followed. Sunday after Sunday that great congregation was melted by Miss Abbott's magic voice. Triumph after triumph came, but still beyond she hoped for more. She longed for fame--for recognition.

One day (March 1, 1872) a rich business man, whose heart was bigger than his pocket-book—Mr. John T. Daly, who afterward built the Windsor hotel—sat down in his office and wrote a little note to Miss Abbott. It was short, but it was worthy of Mr. Daly, who was always doing princely things, and it filled her heart with a flood of joy. Mr. Daly told her how he admired her talent and respected her pluck, and that if she wished to go to Milan and study he would furnish her the money.

"I want to go," said Miss Abbott, when the writer talked with her, her eyes all the time beaming with gratitude. "It is the hope of my life, but I do not wish to receive so much from one person. If the whole congregation will interest themselves in me how gladly I will go."

"Very well," said a leading member, Mrs. George Lake, on the morning of March 20, "I will give $1,000 toward it." Then Mrs. George Hoffman gave $500, Mr. C. P. Huntington $500, Mr. John Q. Hoyt $500, Mr. E. L. A. Wetherell $500, Mr. A. J. Johnson $200, some others $100 each, and Mr. Daly made up the rest, all payable to the order of Mr. D. D. T. Marshall.

On Saturday morning, May 20, 1772, a great crowd of friends with bouquets and benedictions thronged the city of Paris to bid God speed to Miss Emma A. Abbott on her journey across the Atlantic to Milan.

On Miss Abbott's arrival in Milan, Lamperti pronounced her voice a marvel. Nara, to whom Stanley recommended her, after hearing her sing from "Mignon," said, "You must quit the music of Ambroise Thomas and take the grand scores of the masters."

San Giovanni finally became Miss Abbott's teacher. Losing her health, she took a trip to the Mediterannean and back to Paris, where one day she was invited to the palace of the Rothschilds by the baroness, who was so enraptured by her sweet voice that she embraced her and became her bosom friend. The venerable Bolandi, the favorite instructor of Malibran, offered to instruct Miss Abbott in Paris, but Delle Sedie, to whom Nilsson recommended her, finally became her teacher. When he heard her sing he exclaimed, "Mademoiselle, you will yet have the world at your feet," and Wartel, the distinguished French teacher, said, "When she is finished she will be without a rival in the world."

Madame La Grange said: "My child, you are very like Jenny Lind. Your voice is pure, limpid, powerful, sweet, charmante—charmante!"

Then all Paris became wild about the wandering child from Peoria. Adalina Patti invited her to her villa, and when she sang an aria Patti folded her in her arms and said: "I love you because you love your art, and I see you will become great."

Then Miss Abbott's fame went beyond Paris—to London and St. Petersburg. When Franchi, the renowned impressario of St. Petersburgh, heard her sing with Patti he offered her a big price to go to Russia, and Patti said: "Come, my child, with me, and I will be in a box to applaud your debut and throw you your first bouquet." But she chose to stay and study with Wartel in Paris. One day Wartel interrupted her singing by exclaiming: "C'est magnifique! You sing like an angel, little one. You will be the glory of America!"

A few days ago I picked up the *Sun* and read this cable dispatch, Mr. Gye, the renowned Covent Garden impressario, having introduced our sweet Peoria warbler to the most critical court audience of England:

"Miss Emma Abbott made a very successful debut as Daughter of the Regiment at Covent Garden to-night. Though her acting leaves something to be desired, she possesses a voice of great power and purity, and is almost perfect in her rendering of the character. She was twice recalled after the first act."

And when the big-hearted Christians in New York read this paragraph—they who, remembering our Savior, put their arms around this toiling woman and helped her up—when they read of her final triumph they said, "Verily, it is more blessed to give than to receive," and all the world responded, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

And when little Emma shall one day stand in our Academy of Music, like Nilsson and Titiens and Lucca, her silver voice filling the air like a choir of angels, or hushing the audience by a holy repose, then the Church of the Divine Paternity will strew the first bouquets at the feet of her who, loving both the church and the drama, improves all the gifts which God has given her.

THE Lowell cotton manufacturing companies are gloomy over the prospects for the future, and some of them predict that it will be the hardest season for the manufacturers and operatives that the city has ever known.

ACCORDING to the new directory, San Francisco has now a population of 272,345 souls, a gain of 42,000 during the last year.

A SCALPED MAN'S STORY.

How It Feels to Have Your Top-knot Torn Off by the Aid of an Indian's Knife.

[From the Kansas City Times.]

There arrived here on Friday evening's Kansas Pacific train a party of three persons, direct from Deadwood City, the new mining town in the Black Hills. Learning that one of the party had been shot and scalped by Indians, a reporter sought them out, and from Mr. A. P. Woodward, formerly of Boston, but latterly of Custer, obtained the following interesting facts relating to a recent massacre about seventy miles north of Fort Laramie. Mr. Woodward was accompanied by T. S. Gates, of St. Louis, and Herman Ganzio, of Milwaukee, the latter wounded and suffering from a wound in the scalp. The scalp is, in fact, half gone.

It has often been said that a man can live after being scalped; but until last Friday evening no ocular proof had been produced in this city substantiating that fact. Herman Ganzio's head, from the center of the forehead back to the crown of the head, is at present one mass of sores. The hair has been cut away by the surgeons in charge at Fort Laramie, but the pear-shaped patch made by the scalping knife is thus made all the more distinct. The poor fellow has been in hospital since the 13th of April, but his companions have stood manfully by him, and reiterated their intention to see him through to his home. In conversation with the reporter, with whom he had been previously acquainted, Ganzio said, describing his mishap:

"You see we were coming down into the valley of Hut creek, on our way to Fort Laramie, when we thought we saw Indians coming down the creek to the right. Instead of camping there, we thought it safer to water our stock and go on into the hills and make a dry camp in the bushes, if we could not make Running Water creek, where a large camp of freighters was reported.

"I had been sent on ahead up the hill, just where the big stone hut stands by the road, and with a boy named Kountze from Omaha, sat down to wait for the wagons, which were slowly coming up out of the valley. When the wagons reached us I started on alone through the rocks and pine bushes to seek a good camp. A few hundred yards further on I looked down a ravine to the right and saw five mounted Indians ride across the valley. I started to go back to the train, when at least a dozen Indians ran at me out of the brush, and you bet I ran and hollered for help. In a minute more two or three of them shot at me. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my left leg, and another in my left shoulder, and I fell. Then they were upon me in a minute, and one of them put his knee on my back, while another hit me a clip with a club or a butt of a gun, I don't know which. I had no time to think. All I knew was I was being scalped; my hair was held tight. I felt a hot, a red-hot, stinging sort of pain all around the top of my head—being torn out by the roots; it was too much; I couldn't stand it; I died—at least I thought I did. But my scalp was saved just as it was being torn off. The boys at the wagons had seen me running; saw the Indians and came on—thirteen of them—and got up just in time to prevent the red devils finishing their work. The Indians, as well as my friends, thought I was dead. But I came to again, and my scalp was laid back. It was only half torn off, as you will see, and is growing again nicely."

The poor fellow was taken to Fort Laramie, and received every attention, and as soon as he was able started for his parents' home in Milwaukee. He is the first white man who has felt the "Injun's" hand in his hair this year who has lived to come home and tell how it feels. The Black Hillers spent yesterday in the city, and last evening continued their journey eastward.

Horrible Scene at an Execution.

[From an Account of the Hanging of Samuel Frost, at Boston.]

Frost had risen from his chair when the reading of the warrant was begun, and the deputy behind him had fastened the straps around his legs and arms, and before the reading was finished had shut out the light from him forever by drawing the black cap over his head. There was not an instant's delay, and less than five minutes had passed between the time the doomed man first took his step upon the gallows stairs and that in which his body was thrown downward by the release of the drop. The drop fell with hardly an audible sound, and the light body of the murderer brought the rope to a strong tension. The first thrill of a shudder had not run through the more sensitive of the spectators when the body was seen spinning at the end of the rope, almost headless, a fearful tear extending over the front of the throat, and the blood gushing out in streams. Every eye was riveted on the startling and unexpected spectacle as the body turned round, first disclosing and then concealing this gash. The blood, forced upward by the arterial movements, spurted fountain-like upward from one to two feet, the stream falling to the floor in a circle round the hanging body. This circle extended even to the framework of the gallows, which was in many places sprinkled with the blood. The welling life-blood poured from the wound down the front of the body and trickled from the feet, forming a pool directly beneath the body. This recital doubtless seems full of horror, but it falls far short of the realities of the scene. For some two minutes the arterial gushings of blood continued, and the slow dripping of blood continued a little longer. Drs. Woodward and Jewett then stepped under the gallows and made their examination of the body. The knot of the rope had been placed under Frost's left ear, almost around to the center of the neck. Frost was a man of no especial muscular development, and, though he weighed but 120 pounds, the drop was enough not only to break his neck, but to sever the spinal column entirely, leaving the body hanging by the integuments of the rear portion only. The body was allowed to hang a few minutes after the examination by the doctors, when it was lowered and carried from beneath the gallows.

Pith and Point.

A BUSINESS that is picking up—the rag-gatherer's.

DRIED apples are becoming a fashionable dessert for swell parties.

IT is very in-jury-ous for twelve men to be locked up in a court-house.

HOWEVER enraged he may be, it only takes the slightest transportation to make a clam calm.—*Cincinnati News.*

YOUNG Mistress—"It's your Sunday out next week Jane, is it not?" Jane—"Lor, mum? why, you've forgotten; it's yours!"

A VEGETARIAN who was dodging an infuriated bull behind a tree, exclaimed: "You ungrateful beast! you toss a vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life! Is that the return you make?"

DIGNITY—"Did I see you turn your nose up at me?" Impudence—"Don't know, I'm sure!" Dignity—"*Did* you turn it up?" Impudence—"Well, I tried, and *you* make me think I succeeded!"—*Fun.*

MRS. MALAPROP writes to sympathize with poor Payson Weston on his great walking feet having come off. She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had.—*Punch.*

"I WISH I might die," sighed a middle-aged maiden, as she hung like a limp bolster out of the third story front window, on a Sunday afternoon, and espied the man whom she had once coquettishly rejected placidly propelling an $18 baby-cart.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A GENTLEMAN in this city has a pair of pantaloons which were worn by one of his ancestors a hundred years ago. They are made of home-spun cloth, except the seat, which is of thick leather. It is inferred from this that the original owner was a book agent.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
We've heard it o'er and o'er,
Until that little lamb becomes
A perfect little bore,
So I propose to make a grave,
And dig it deep and wide;
That Mary's lamb and all its bards
Be buried side by side.

A BASE-BALLIST named Miller, formerly catcher of the St. Louis club, died in Philadelphia last week. In his last moments he was delirious, and fancied he was at his place in the ball-field, facing his old pitcher, Bradley. His last words were: "Two out, Brad—steady, now—he wants a high ball—steady, Brad—there, I knew it; that settles it."

MR. LANIER speaks of "ghosts of goods once fleshed and fair." As if he had said, "Remnants of calico dresses once occupied by pretty girls." It is plain enough when you understand it. Or, stay! perhaps he referred to the striped stockings worn by the foremothers. Good heavens! will some friendly breeze fan this aching brow!—*Rochester Democrat.*

A NEW lawn game is called "Vexillo." It has not been introduced here yet, but it is said to resemble croquet, and we presume the way to play it is for one young miss to make a misstroke, and then another tells her that she cheats, and she says "I don't cheat half as much as you do," after which they both pitch the mallets over the fence go into the house, and don't speak to each other for six weeks.

A CERTAIN eminent physician, being invited to a dinner party, arrived at the house of his host at a somewhat earlier hour than had been named as the dinner hour. He accordingly strolled out of the house into a church-yard which was hard by. When dinner was announced, the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said one of the guests, who had seen him in the church-yard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

THE other evening a carriage being driven up Maple street had to come to a dead halt to prevent running over a child three or four years old who was seated in the center of the street. "Is that your child?" asked the driver of a man who lounged forward and beckoned to the dust-covered offspring. "Guess he is," was the slowly spoken answer. "Aren't you afraid he'll be run over some day?" "He may be. His brother was run over last year about this time, and the folks made up a purse of $100 for me!" Perhaps the memory of that purse had nothing to do with the other child being in the road.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The New York Girls' Way of Looking at It.

This young lady informed me that her trousseau cost upward of $10,000, and when I expressed astonishment at this extravagant expenditure of money, she naively replied: "Yes, I spent a great deal of money; but one never expects to marry more than once in a lifetime, and beside, papa may fail. Emma —— often expresses regret that she did not buy lots of pretty things when she was in Europe; for her father failed immediately after their return, and a few thousand dollars more would not have made much difference."—*Noah's Sunday Times and Messenger.*